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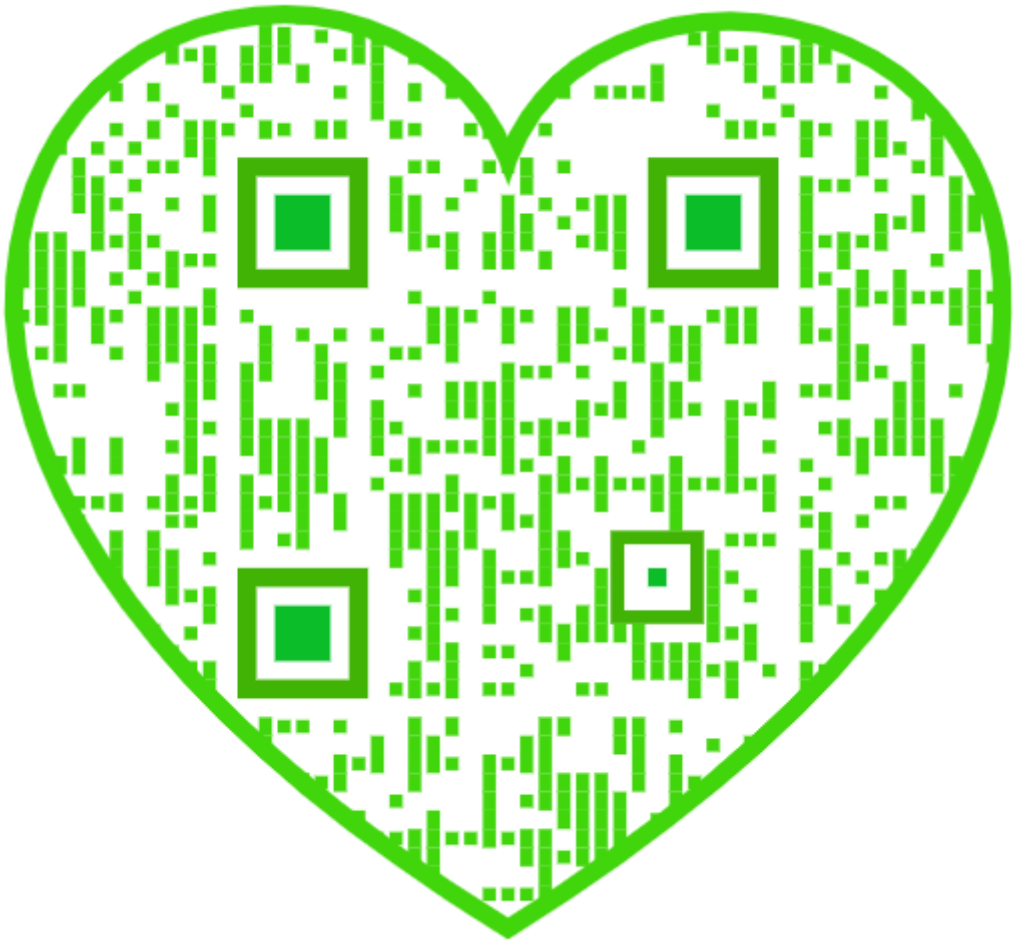
NEW SLOAN READERS

FIRST READER

KATHARINE E. SLOAN



NEW SLOAN READERS

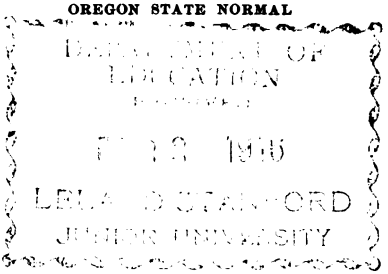
CONTAINING A COMPLETE COURSE IN PHONICS

FIRST READER

BY

KATHARINE E. SLOAN

FORMERLY PRIMARY SUPERVISOR OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON STATE NORMAL



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PREFACE

In The New Sloan Readers the author plans to give in three books a basal series of readers that attract and interest the child through content and illustration and that give to the child in the most direct way and in the shortest time, the independent power to read.

The subject matter of the lessons in these readers is of primary interest to the child and closely connected with his daily life and experience. The technical drill necessary in the teaching of reading is provided in charming lessons of story, rhyme, and play, and does not in any way detract from the interest or reduce the reading value of the lessons.

THE FIRST READER

This First Reader continues the method employed in The Primer and advances the student by easy stages and interesting lessons in learning to read successfully and rapidly. The process begins with a little introductory story in rhyme that is to be read by the teacher and talked over with the class. Here the opportunity is given to emphasize the importance of the vowels and to show how they are really the keynotes of words. This introductory story is followed by a demonstration of the uses of the vowels, illustrated by words, drilled in sentences, and applied in a reading lesson. This process is repeated until the phonetic facts are learned and the phonetic principles acquired that are necessary in independent reading.

To Miss Clara P. Reynolds, of Seattle, for assistance in arranging the material for illustration, and to others whose experience with the author's Primary Readers or whose interest in the method of this series has prompted them to make helpful suggestions, the author wishes to make grateful acknowledgment.

KATHARINE E. SLOAN.

FAIRY GUIDES TO STORYLAND[1]

To the wonderful land of stories,
My little children dear,
Here come some little fairies
To make your way quite clear.

In all the words, in all the books,
In all the country round,
Tucked away in every word,
Some of these elves are found.

In traveling on to Storyland,
To know this busy throng
Will make your path so easy,
The way not half so long.

[1] This story is to be read to the pupils by the teacher.

Here's Mistress a, so bonny,
And little e, oh my!
She's such a busy fairy,
Although she is so shy.

Then laughing o, and sober u,
And little brother i,
Who is so very tiny,
He's often helped by y.

This sturdy band of workers,
One to another true;
Each helps the other tell its name,
a, e, i, o, and u.

FAIRY e AT WORK

can	slate	din	slope
cane	pin	dine	tub
tap	pine	hop	tube
tape	hid	hope	cut
hat	hide	rod	cute
hate	dim	rode	cub
mad	dime	not	cube
made	fin	note	tune
cap	fine	mope	us
cape	rid	rob	use
pan	ride	robe	plum
pane	Tim	Pope	plume
slat	time	slop	Hume

FAIRY e HELPING a

bake	gate	cape	name
take	late	tape	came
lake	hate	gape	lame
rake	mate	shape	tame
make	Kate	drape	dame
sake	date	grape	shame
wake	plate	scrape	flame
shake	slate	bale	blame
flake	grate	dale	frame
snake	skate	male	fade
stake	state	pale	made
cane	baste	sale	spade
lane	waste	gale	trade
mane	haste	tale	grade
pane	taste	stale	wade
Jane	base	same	blade
crane	case	game	shade

DRILL SENTENCES

Bake a cake.
Shut the gate.
Make the bed.
Rake the grass.
Get the spade.
Play the game.
Rub the slate.
Shake the rug.
Dust the frame.
Drape the flag.
Name the baby.
Baste the dress.
Pack the crate.
Cut the tape.
Tame the fox.
Plane the table.

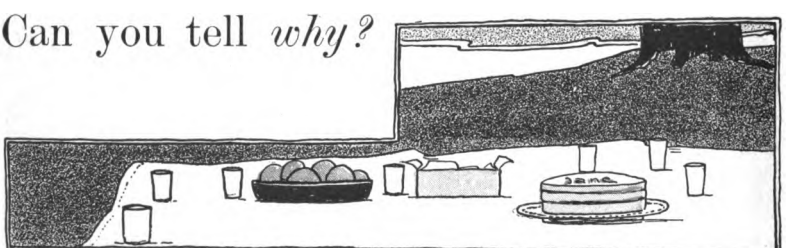
Trade tops.
Skate to me.
Take this cane.
Tell me a tale.
Get a plate.
Taste my cake.
Waste not.
Jip is lame.
Wake up, Jane!
Make a cape.
Pol-ish the grate.
See the flame!
Kate is late.
Wade in the lake.
Sit in the shade.
Haste makes waste.

WAKE, LITTLE KATE

Wake, little Kate!
The sun is up. Make haste!
Jump out of bed.
We are going to the lake
  at the end of the lane.
See my rake and spade.
Bob and Bess came with Jane.
You can see them at the gate.
And the little lame boy —
  I forget his name —
  he came with his little cane.
Jane made a cake,
  for us to take.
Bess has it at the gate.
So I came back for you, Kate.
Make haste, *or* you'll be too late.

Kate and Fred went up the lane.
At the end of the lane
they came to a lake.
Jack and Jill, Bob, Bess, Jane,
and *others* were here.
They all came for a picnic.
As Kate came up the lane, they said,
"Make haste, Kate!
Come and play this game.
It is not too late to take *part*."
Jane said, "You fin-ish the game, Kate.
Bess and I will set the table."
Jane set the table in the shade.
This table can not shake.

Can you tell *why?*



See the big cake!
It is on a pretty plate.
Jane made the cake.
Her name is on it.
Bess made the lem-on-ade.
How *good* it all did taste!
They ate and ate.
A little bird came to the picnic.
He was so tame.
He ate cake, too.

FAIRY e HELPING i

dime	hide	time	life
fine	tide	lime	wife
nine	side	prime	fife
line	wide	file	like
mine	rides	bile	Mike
pine	bride	pile	spike
spine	pride	tile	strike
wine	stride	stile	fire
twine	glide	mile	wire
shine	slide	smile	sire
brine	bite	tie	tire
pipe	kite	die	mire
wipe	site	lie	hire
ripe	spite	pie	spire
stripe	mite	fie	strife

DRILL SENTENCES

Hide the kite.
Tie the line.
File the lock.
Ride to the lake.
Lie in the shade.
Take your time.
Spend the dime.
Bite the apple.
Mix the lime.
Bake the pie.
Sit by the fire.
Smile at baby.
Strike the bell.
Shake the line.
Pile up sticks.
Fire the gun.

Dine with me.
Come at nine.
Be on time.
Stand in line.
Hire a wagon.
Ride a mile.
Make a slide.
Mend the tire.
Twist the wire.
Shine the glass.
Wipe the plate.
Prime the gun.
This is a pine.
The stripe is wide.
The tide is in.
See the bride.

MR. FOX WOULD DINE

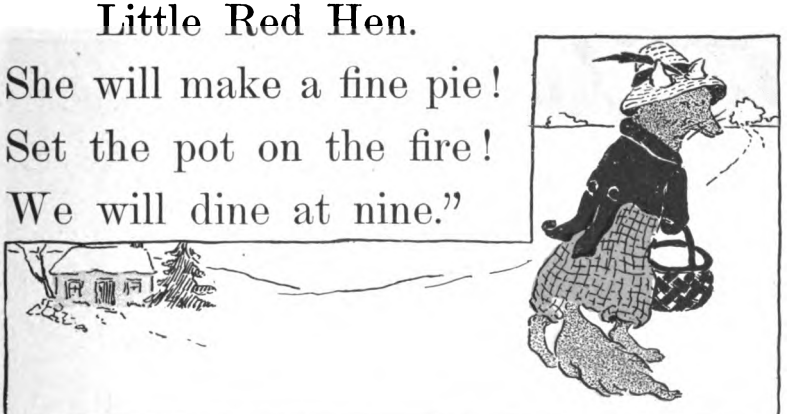
Once upon a time,
by the side of a pine tree,
lived Mr. Fox and his wife.

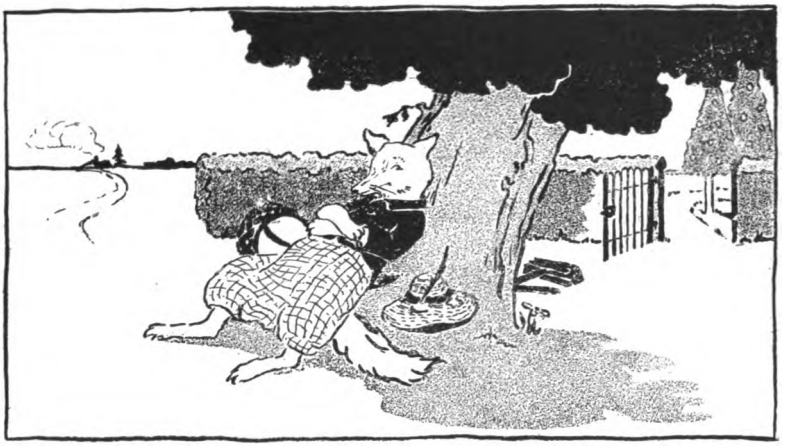
Mr. Fox sat by the fire,
his pipe by his side.

He said to his wife,
"My dear, it is time to dine."

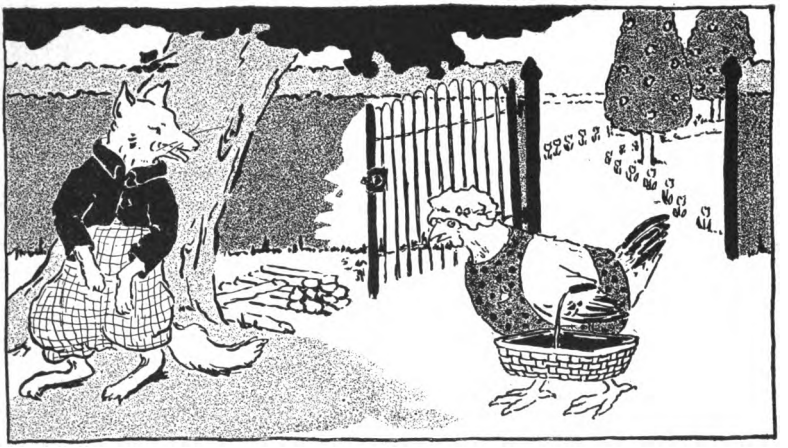
"Yes," said his wife,
"but there is not a bite in the den."

"*Oh, ho!*" said Mr. Fox.
"Then I will go and get
Little Red Hen.
She will make a fine pie!
Set the pot on the fire!
We will dine at nine."





Up the lane went Mr. Fox.
A mile from the pine tree,
he came to a hill.
At the top of the hill
was a wire gate.
Inside *lived* Little Red Hen.
"I must hide in the shade,"
said Mr. Fox.
"I will lie here un-til
Little Red Hen comes out."
Then he gave a wick-ed smile.



Pretty *soon*, pick-itt*y*, peck-ett*y*,
out came Little Red Hen.
"Dear me!" she said,
"That gate of mine is wide o-pen!"
She went to her little pile of sticks.
Then she saw Mr. Fox.
She had just time
to slam the gate shut.
With a slip and a slide
down the hill went Mr. Fox!
And that was the end of him.

FAIRY e HELPING o

bone	hope	bore	hoe
cone	rope	sore	toe
tone	Pope	fore	Joe
stone	scope	wore	woe
shone	slope	pore	roe
alone	pole	more	foe
drone	hole	core	doe
woke	mole	score	robe
coke	Cole	tore	globe
joke	stole	store	nose
poke	stroll	shore	rose
spoke	note	snore	hose
smoke	rote	home	pose
broke	rode	dome	close
stroke	dose	Rome	sole

DRILL SENTENCES

Hoe the

Bore a hole.

Poke the fire.

Ride home.

Take this note.

Tie the rope.

Tell the joke.

Smell the rose.

Stroke Jip.

Hide the bone.

Tell the score.

See the smoke!

Mend the hose.

Close the box.

Dine at home.

Taste the cone.

Core the

Pick a rose.

Go for a stroll.

Ride to the store.

Get more rope.

The pole shakes.

I hope to win.

Joe wore my cap.

He tore his.

Rose spoke to you.

Joe broke his kite.

Tom rode home.

Joe is a-lone.

The sun shone.

Pol-ish the stone.

Jip stole a bone.

OLD KING COLE

Little Joe went for a ride.
He rode a mile from home.
Then he said, "I will lie
under this tree a-*wh*ile."
The sun shone.
Joe was all a-lone.

Close by the tree was a mole hill.
Joe gave it a poke and said,
"Mole, mole, come out of your hole,
I'll take you home
To *Old King* Cole."

The mole did not come out,
but smoke did.
And *who* spoke?
It was Old King Cole himself.
All drest in red
from tip to toe.
He wore a red cap
and pretty red hose.
And from his but-ton hole
peep*ed* a red rose.
Fun-*ny* Old King Cole!

King Cole spoke and said,
"*Ho, ho,* Mr. Joe!

You broke up my home,
with your little stick."
Then he stole as soft-ly
as could be.
Close up to Joe, *under* the tree.
In his hand, he held a rope.
"Oh, dear!" said Joe, "I hope—."
Then he awoke.
It was all a joke.
There was no smoke.
There was no Old King Cole.

FAIRY e HELPING u.

tube	blue	due	cure
cube	clue	cue	pure
cute	glue	hue	use
mute	flue	Sue	fuse
flute	Hume	Luke	amuse
tune	flume	Duke	abuse
June	plume	mule	excuse

Use your cube.
Fill the tube.
Tune the flute.
Cure the sick.
Pat the mule.
Amuse the baby.
Use pure milk.
The train is due.

Glue the *chair.*
Get the blue cup.
Duke is my dog.
He is so cute.
Joe has a flute.
Play a tune, Joe.
Excuse me.
The plume is blue.

ROBIN'S TUNE

Little Jack Hume
Did fuss and fume.

The sky was dull.
The grass was wet.
And so he sat him
Down to fret.

Now, little Jack Hume,
Don't fuss and fume!
See! little Robin
Sings you a tune!

He sings: "Back of the *clouds*
The sky is still blue.
Safe in my nest,
Are eggs the same hue.

So I sing and sing and sing!"

Now all little Jacks,
And little Jills, too.

When the sky is dull
And the grass is wet,
Don't sit you down
And fuss and fret.

But say, "Well, we can't
Have it *always* June.
I'll sing to myself
Dear Robin's tune.

'Back of the *clouds*
The sky is still blue.'
Then I'll run and a-muse
Dear Baby Sue."

vex

van

vim

vat

vest

vane

VINE

vis-it

gave

cave

pave

save

Dave

vale	cove	hive	wave
vast	rove	five	brave
vine	drove	dive	grave
vase	grove	drive	shave
vote	clove	strive	vel-vet
wove	stove	Eve	ves-sel

Wave the flag.
Vote for Dave.
Dine at five.
Use my vase.
Dave can dive.

See the vine.
Save the tag.
Hire a van.
Drive the mule.
Taste the clove.

DAVE AND THE BEES

Dave did not like to work.
"Go and visit the bees, Dave,
They like to work," said mamma.
Dave went to the bee hive.
Five little bees came out. Dave said,
"I will not vex you, little bees.
I will not drive you off.

I just wish to see you at work."
There was a pretty vine on the hive.
A *spider* had woven its web there.
Dave gave it a poke.
He broke the web.
Out came a brave little *spider.*
It wove more web.
Then Dave saw a little ant.
The ant had a little ball of *something.*
How he did strive to get it home!
Dave drove him off, but back he came.
"How all you in-sects work!" said Dave. "It makes me feel ashamed."

"Oh we may get weary!
And think work is dreary.
'Tis harder by far,
To have nothing to do."

—MARION DOUGLASS.

THE SAUCY WAVE

"Where are you going, dear little
wave?"
"To lap the shore in *yonder* cave.
Then back to the *sea* to get big and
brave."
"*What* do you see there?" asked
little Dave.
"Fishes big and all alive,
That rove *about* and swim and dive."
"How do they act, or how be-have?
Tell me true, dear little wave."
"To get the small fish big fish strive.
These to shore they'll *sometimes* drive."
"Then I'll not go with you there, pretty
wave."
"*Nobody* asked you to do so, Dave."

REVIEW OF FINAL e

rake	wide	hole	cube
wake	hide	pole	cute
lame	mile	toe	use
tame	tile	hoe	tube
shame	fine	woke	pure
wave	shine	poke	cure
gave	pipe	spoke	tune
brave	wipe	rose	June
shave	time	nose	flute
spade	lime	close	Duke
blade	kite	bone	Luke
taste	bite	stone	hue
paste	five	stove	due
lane	dive	drove	mule
fade	fire	rope	blue
safe	wire	home	flue

TWO VOWELS TOGETHER

ran	fed	bed	got
rain	feed	bead	goat
lad	met	set	sop
laid	meet	seat	soap
pad	Ned	men	cot
paid	need	mean	coat
bat	step	met	rod
bait	steep	meat	road
am	red	stem	Tod
aim	reed	steam	toad
pan	bled	best	cost
pain	bleed	beast	coast
mad	sped	Ben	clock
maid	speed	bean	cloak
bran	fell	Nell	crock
brain	feel	Neal	croak

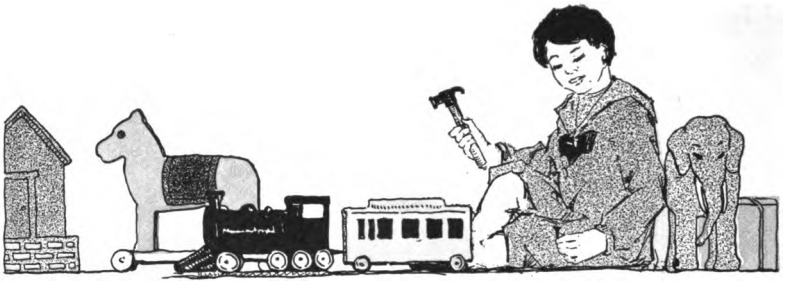
DRILL ai=ā

ail			aid
bail			laid
fail			paid
sail			maid
hail			raid
jail			braid
mail	a i		afraid
tail	gain	sprain	aim
pail	vain	main	maim
rail	Cain	stain	claim
trail	rain	lain	paint
frail	brain	slain	faint
nail	drain	plain	saint
snail	grain	bait	raise
waist	train	wait	praise
pain	strain	gait	strait

DRILL SENTENCES

Sail the ship.
Flag the train.
Hail the bus.
Mail the *letter*.
Mend the rail.
Aid the sick.
Nail the
Paint the gate.
Strain the milk.
Claim the ball.
See the rain.
Fill the pail.
Get the bait.
Cure the pain.
Get the braid.
Stain the frame.

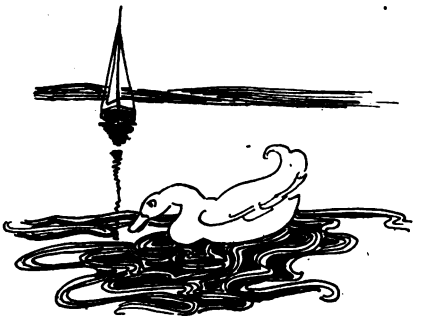
Aim at the tree.
Cut the grain.
Make it plain.
Wait for the train.
Do not fail.
Wake, little maid!
The bill is paid.
Joe lost the trail.
Jane is afraid.
The rail is laid.
See the snail.
Do not be vain.
Raise the kite.
Get the mail.
Have you a pain?
Saint Val-en-tine.

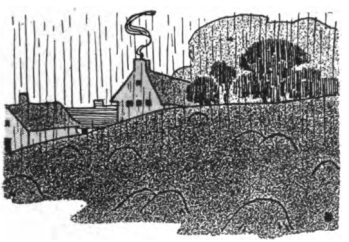


THE MAIL TRAIN

See my train!
I call it the mail train.
It can run fast.
But *something* ails it now.
Wait, little train!
The rail is bent.
I will get a nail.
Here a nail, there a nail,
tick, tack, too!
Now the rail is laid.
Now the train will run fast.
Hur-rah! for the mail train.

See the little ship!
See it sail!
See the little duck
Shake its tail!

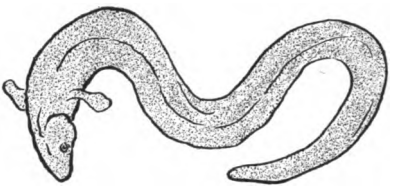




See the little drops
Of rain
Drip, drip, drip,
On the grain.

See the little boy
Run to aid
The dear little
Blue *eyed* maid.

DRILL ee = ē

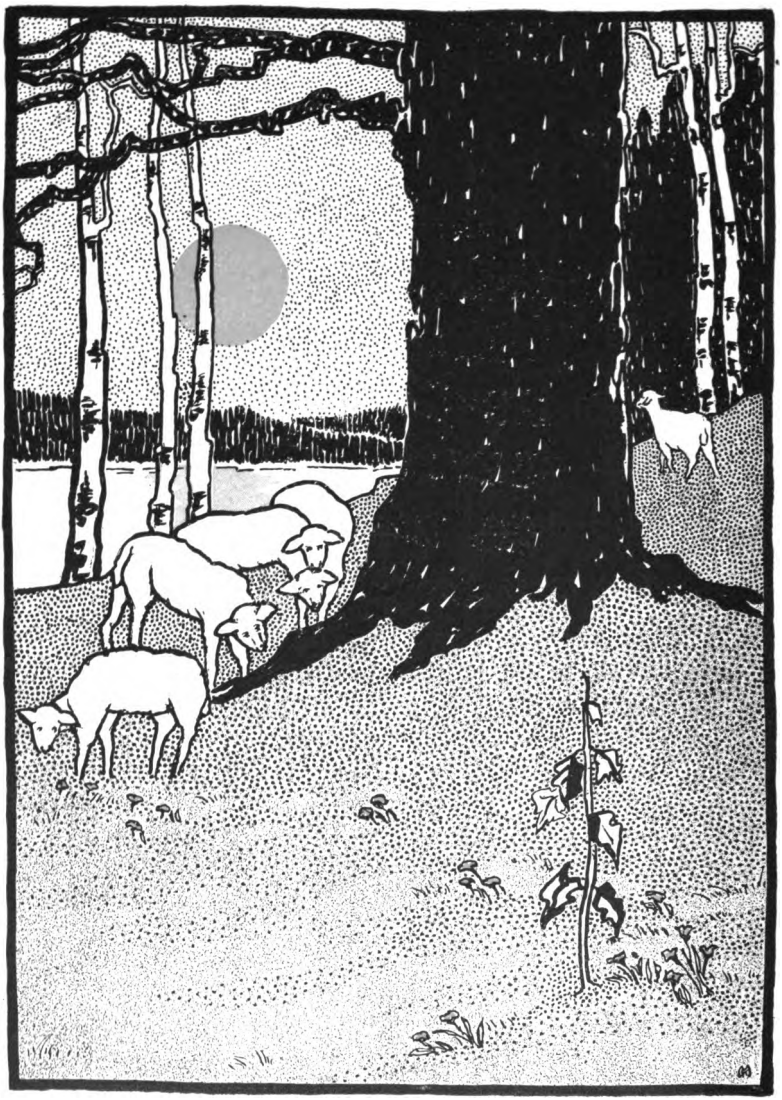


feed			deep
need			peep
seed			keep
reed	ee	EEL ee	steep
weed	feel	feet	weep
deed	reel	meet	sweep
heed	peel	beet	sleep
bleed	heel	fleet	sheep
steed	keel	sleet	see
speed	steel	sweet	bee
week	seen	sheet	free
seek	keen	greet	tree
creek	green	street	glee
meek	sheen	deer	flee
sleek	screen	jeer	beef
creep	seem	steer	reef

DRILL SENTENCES

Feed the sheep.
Feel the hail.
Seek the ball.
Peel the
Weed the grass.
Steer the sled.
Feed the deer.
Meet the train.
Keep the dime.
Sweep the *floor*.
Trim the tree.
Plant the seeds.
Pick the weeds.
Hem the sheet.
Go to sleep.
Use sweet milk.

Creep, little vine.
Peep in the
We need rain.
The bee hums.
The lake is deep.
Wade in the creek.
The hill is steep.
Go to Main Street.
Have you seen Tom?
Come next week.
Nail the screen.
Dave rode free.
You seem afraid.
Grass is green.
You need not wait.
Meet me at nine.



THE LITTLE SEED

A little seed fell from a tree.
It is on the green grass in the sun.
"I shall go to sleep, now,"
said the little seed.
"I have no feet, but I can creep.
I shall creep deep, deep, down,
I shall meet some more seeds.
The rain will feed us
down in the deep.
When I feel the sun, I shall wake up.
When I wake, I shall creep up, up, up!
I shall have a little green stem.
It will peep up to see the sun.
I shall see the sheep on the green grass.
I shall feel the soft winds.
But I must go to sleep now."

A dear little seed hid-den
Deep, so deep,
Felt the wee plant with-in him
Creep and creep.

"Come," said the sun-shine,
"Come from the deep."
"Wake," said the rain-drops,
"Wake from your sleep."

The little plant woke and
Said, "I'll see
Why the rain and the sunshine
Call to me."

GENERAL REVIEW

wax	clock	rail	seek
skate	flax	rose	dive
mail	flame	rock	fume
shelf	scale	clam	wait
vase	cure	slide	nose
drive	pain	beef	brain
trim	robe	frame	glide
steer	sheep	pure	shape
glue	smile	mule	joke
shone	vine	hail	plump
green	Trix	state	drag
gruff	trod	wove	stake
slid	week	swept	Hume
tube	trade	crust	creek
faint	vest	shake	tone
smoke	vane	street	tune

DRILL ea = ē

bean				east
mean				feast
Jean				least
lean	ea	EAR	ea	beast
clean	dear	eat		heap
glean	fear	beat		leap
beak	hear	heat		reap
leak	near	seat		beam
peak	tear	meat		seam
weak	clear	neat		team
creak	shear	heal		steam
bleak	bead	meal		stream
speak	read	veal		dream
streak	plead	seal		cream
sneak	leaf	deal		scream
freak	sheaf	steal		gleam

DRILL SENTENCES

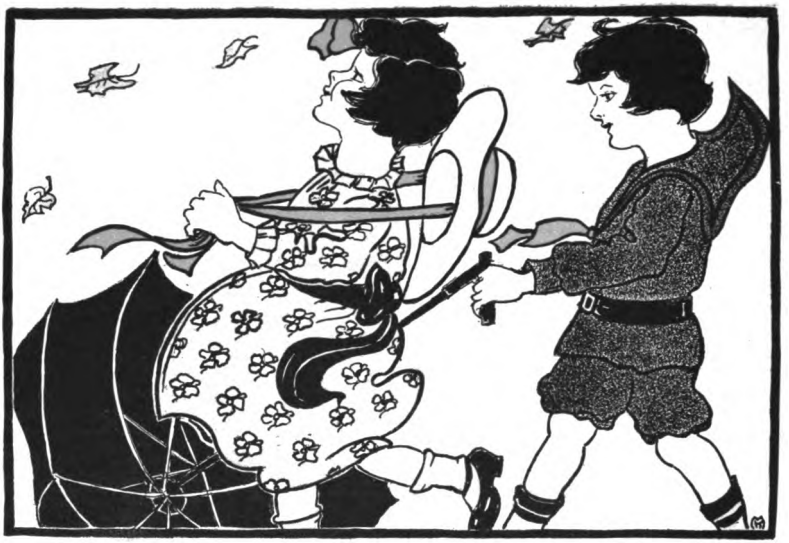
Reap the grain.
Shear the sheep.
Steep the tea.
Beat the cream.
Steam the beans.
Heat the plate.
Clean the fish.
Cut the meat.
Eat your meals.
Read to me.
Clear the track!
Lead on!
Wait for Neal.
Play leap-frog.
Lean on me.
Make fresh tea.

Seal the *letter*.
Beat the rug.
Paint the seat.
Baste the seam.
Leave the table.
Stop the leak.
Treat Jip well.
Speak, Jip, speak!
Weave the rug.
Keep your seat.
Sit near me.
Can you hear?
Do not scream.
Have no fear.
Feed the pea-cock.
Eat pea-nuts.

A SUMMER PLAY-HOUSE

Do you like to wade in a stream?
Neal and Jean do.
They *live* near a stream.
They have a play-*house* there.
The *roof* is a tree.
The *walls* are vines.
Neal and Jean plant-ed
some of the vines.

Jean plant-ed sweet-peas.
The green leaves make shade.
The little sunbeams can not get in.
You do not feel the heat.
Mamma comes here to read.
Neal made a seat for her.
He made a neat little table, too.
Some-times they eat here.
One *day* Jean made tea.
It was real tea.
You could see it steam.
They had cream cake
with the tea.
They said it was a treat.
Neal's dog Jip likes cream cake.
He will beg for it.
Neal says, "Speak, Jip, speak!"
Then you will hear Jip speak.



A FROLICSOME WIND

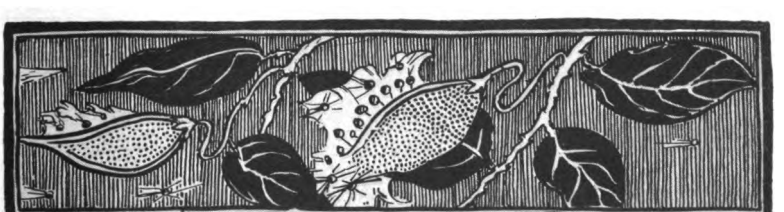
The wind one *day*,
With a sud-den leap,
Said, "Now for a frol-ic!
No *longer* I'll sleep.

"I'll sweep *o'er* the land,
I'll ruf-fle the sea.
I'll rock the wee birds
Asleep in the tree.

"I'll visit the seed pods
And peep in to see
If the milk-weed seeds
Are wait-*ing* for me.

"I'll skim *o'er* the stream.
I'll *fly* up the street.
I'll buf-fet ea*ch* crea-ture
I happen to meet.

"And last, but not least,
I'll *hasten* to greet
The dear little *ch*il-dren
I meet on the street."



REVIEW OF LONG e

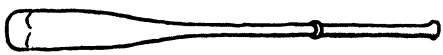
be	he		e . . . me	
me	she	ē	ee . . . seed	
we	the		ea . . . leaf	

Little sunbeams peep in to see me.
Said he to me, "We will go to tea."
"Be *good* to me," said the bee.
Sweep the leaves into a heap.
The sheep hear me before I am near.
We will keep the sweet pea seeds here.
We need not plant beans so deep.
"You need not fear me," said the bee.
Hear the dear baby *try* to speak.
He did not seem to hear me.
Jean keeps her doll neat and clean.
Neal made a neat little seat.
She will lead the deer to the stream.

REVIEW OF ee, ea, ai

Did you see the ship sail
On the deep blue sea?
Did you see the leaf fall
From the big elm tree?
Have you seen the steam rise,
Have you felt its heat?
Have you seen the stream run —
Felt it *pull* your feet?
Did you see the hail beat
On the *field* of grain?
Did you see the little maid
Run in from the rain?
What makes the ship sail;
And the elm leaf fall;
And the heat make steam;
And the rain — and all?

DRILL oa = ō



OAR

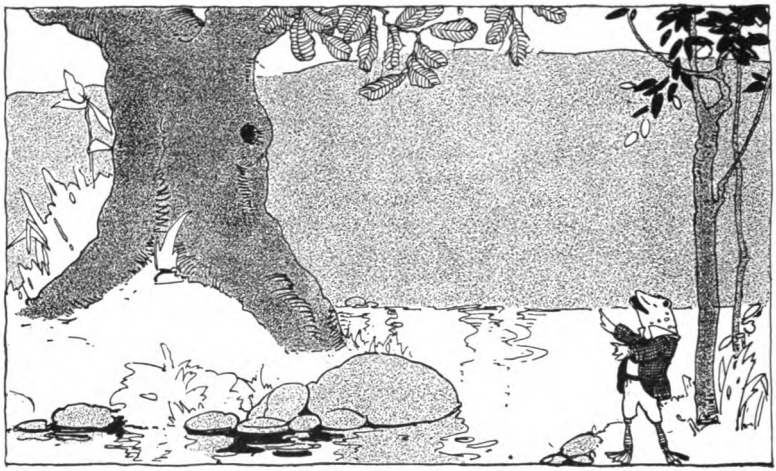
	oa	oa	
oat			coarse
boat			load
coat			toad
goat			road
float	roar	soak	coal
bloat	soar	cloak	goal
coax	loan	croak	shoal
loam	moan	soap	roast
roam	roan	loaf	toast
foam	groan	board	boast
oar	oak	hoard	coast

Load the boat.
Take an oar.
Get on board.
See the foam.

Feed the goat.
Cut the loaf.
Use oat-meal.
Roast pea-nuts.

DRILL SENTENCES

Load the boat with coal.
Feed the goat with oats.
Cut the loaf and make toast.
A tree-toad is on the oak tree.
"Croak, croak, croak!" said the toad.
See the oar float off.
Clean your coat with soap.
Soak the beans before you plant them.
Coax Jean to *race* with you.
Let that oak tree be the goal.
Do not boast, Neal.
Here are fresh, roasted pea-nuts.
Sweep the leaves into the road.
Hear the waves roar, and see the foam.
We play steam boat at the coast.
We roast clams and toast apples.



THE OAK TREE

I am an oak tree.
A little tree-toad came to see me.
He wore a pretty green coat.
He said, "Croak, croak!" to me.
His croak, croak means
"How do you do?"
I *live* near a stream.
My leaves float on the stream.
They *look* like little boats.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

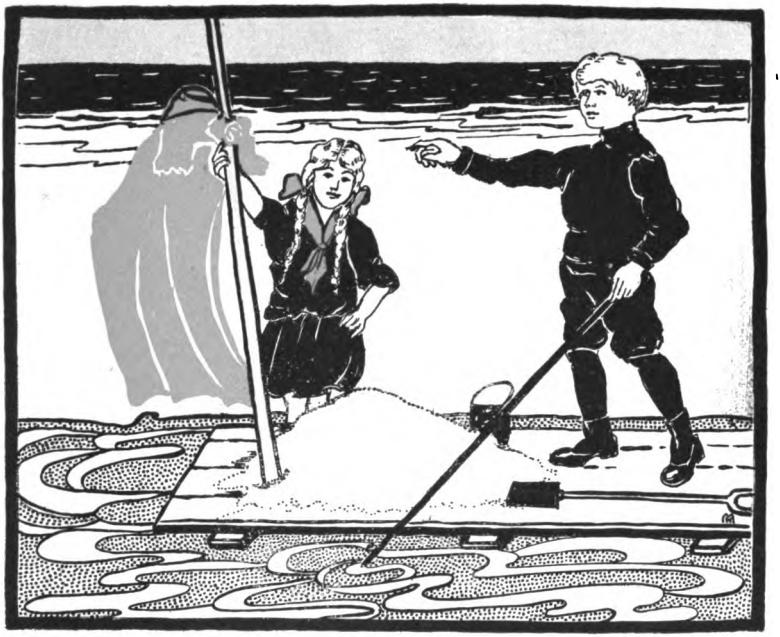
"Green leaves a-floating
Castles of the foam.
Boats of mine a-boating,—
Where will all come home?

"*Away* down the river
A hun-dred miles, or more,
Other little chil-dren
Shall bring my boats a-shore."

—R. L. STEVENSON.

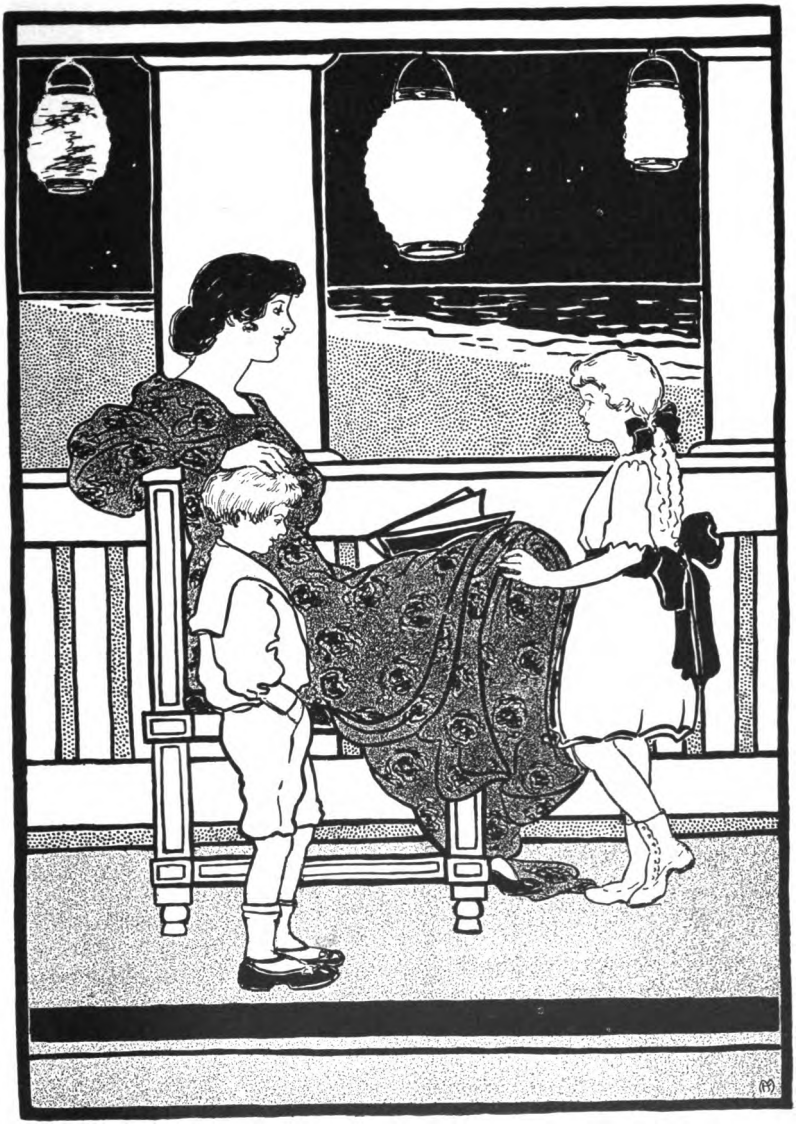
AT THE COAST

Jean and Neal are at the coast.
They wade in the sea.
They dig for clams, and fish for crabs.
They roam along the sea-shore.
They hunt for shells and sea-weed.
They have a little pail and spade.
They dig deep holes in the sand.
The sea comes up and fills the holes.
Jean fills her pail with sea-foam.
She calls the foam soap-suds.
The waves bring the foam a-shore.
Then the breeze wafts it back to sea.
Neal made a raft at the coast.
It can float on the sea.
He made oars for the raft.



He made a sail for it, too.
The sail *was* Jean's cloak.
They play the raft is a steam-boat.
Neal *says*, "Get on board! Get on board!"
They load the boat with sand.
Some-times they get soak-ing wet.

In the *evening*, Jean and Neal
sit by a camp fire.
They hear the roar of the waves
as they beat on the rocks.
Neal rakes out some hot coals.
They roast clams in the coals.
They toast apples on a stick.
They coax mamma to tell *stories*.
Do you *think* Jean and Neal
like to be at the coast?



GENERAL REVIEW

clap	bump	elk	hand
taste	hue	clear	spade
glen	shell	brim	stem
weed	veal	wire	meet
wish	skin	tack	skip
pride	shine	state	strike
stop	flash	stop	plum
hoe	brave	loaf	broke
brush	stump	plan	shed
June	cube	fresh	steam
bait	elf	saint	slam
snap	sheet	creek	snail
vex	blot	buff	melt
speak	woke	cute	free
cross	crib	oar	bran
toast	tie	pole	paint
haste	stove	shave	coax

DRILL ay=ā

day	bay	stay	gray
hay	gay	clay	pray
pay	jay	slay	tray
nay	may	fray	stray
ray	Ray	dray	spray
say	way	play	May
lay	sway	bray	de-lay

Play tag.
Run away.
Play with Ray.
Go to-day.
Rake the hay.
Use gray paint.
May I stay?
Pay the bill.

Ride on the dray.
Sail on the bay.
Spray the tree.
Get the tray.
Wet the clay.
See the blue-jay.
Sway to and fro.
Do not de-lay.

MAKING HAY

"With your cloak of gray,
And your leaves so gay,
Pray, where are you going,
My pretty maid?"

"To play in the *meadow*
And toss the hay."
Said the little maid,
"Please don't say nay."

"No, little maid, I'll not say nay.
You may play in the *meadow*
and toss the hay.
Stay here and play with little Ray.
Play till the sun goes to sleep
in the bay.
Then home we'll go on my fine big
dray,
Home to mamma with little Ray."

Long a. ā { a . . e . . . gate
ai . . . . . nail
ay . . . . . hay }

A SAILING PARTY

This is a fine day for a sail!
Dave and his dog Tray say so.
See Tray wag his tail.
"Well, Tray, we will go for a sail,"
said Dave.

"But we will wait for Jane and
Kate.
They are *coming* up the lane.
Kate has a little spade.
Jane has her little pail.
Stay by me, Tray.
Little Kate is afraid of you.
Make haste, Jane!
Make haste, little Kate!
We are going for a sail."

We'll sail away
To the land of play.
Sail on the sea,
And sail on the bay.
Ray shall be cap-tain.
Tray shall be mate.
Make haste, *ch*il-dren!
The tide won't wait.

BLENDED CONSONANTS

br-im	dr-ip	gr-and	pr-op
bran	drive	grape	press
brush	drop	grill	prick
brave	drove	green	pride
broke	dress	grunt	print
brim	dream	grove	praise
brain	drag	grade	scale
brick	drape	grip	scamp
cr-ib	fr-og	tr-ip	sc-ore
crop	fret	trod	scum
crab	frill	trash	scant
crush	frock	trust	skill
crept	fresh	treat	skate
crate	frisk	train	skip
crisp	frame	truck	skin
cream	frost	trade	skull

bl-ot
black
blade
bless
bleed
blush
blame
block
blast

sl
slat
slate
sled
sleep
slid
slide
slash
slope

cl-ick
clock
cloak
clear
clove
clap
close
club
clash

pl
plat
plate
plan
plain
plum
please
plush
plot

fl-ax
flake
flash
flame
fluff
flume

st
step
steam
stake
stove
stump

tw
twin
twine
twig
twist
twit

gl-ad
glade
glide
gleam
globe
glass

sm
smile
smoke
smash
smell
smelt

sn
snip
snipe
snap
snake
snuff

FLUFF, GRUFF, AND SPOT

Spot is a dog, Fluff is a hen, and Gruff is a frog.

Spot *lives* up on the hill.

Fluff and Gruff *live* near a creek.

Spot came to see them.

A trap is set near the creek.
Spot can not see the trap.
Fluff and Gruff can see the trap.
Trot, trot, trot, came little Spot.
"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Fluff and Gruff.
"Spot can not see the trap.
We must speak to him."
"Cluck, cluck!" said Fluff.
"That must mean, Stop, stop!" said Spot.
"Croak, croak!" said Gruff.
"That must mean, Stand still," said Spot.
Spot did stand still.
Just then a twig fell on the trap.
Snip! snap! it went.
Spot was glad Fluff and Gruff spoke to him.

THE ROCK-A-BY BOAT

Come, little baby with eyes of blue;
Get into your rock-a-by boat so true;
And we'll sail away to By-*low*-Bay,
And we'll not come back for a year
and a day,
When we sail to the Land of Nod.

Now shut your eyes, my baby sweet,
And we'll cud-*dle* up in our boat so neat;
And its sails so white, when the soft
winds *blow*,
Will rock us *gently* to and fro,
As we sail to the Land of Dreams.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, baby dear—
The sand man is *com-ing*. I see him
near.

He'll steer us safe *o'er* the sea so deep,
In our snug little rock-a-by boat asleep,
When we sail to the Land of Rest.

Down, down slip wee eyelids so creamy white,
Heavy with sleep, *o'er th*ose blue eyes *bright.*
Baby is sailing on By-*low*-Bay,
In her snug little rock-a-by boat away,
Safe in the Land of Dreams.

LONG i

ī	i-e	kite	mild
	igh	light	child
	ind	find	wild

time	high	bind
hide	sigh	find
fire	light	kind
mile	might	hind
mine	right	mind
pipe	night	rind
like	tight	wind
kite	fight	blind
life	sight	grind
line	fright	be-hind
drive	slight	mild
slide	bright	wild
shine	flight	child

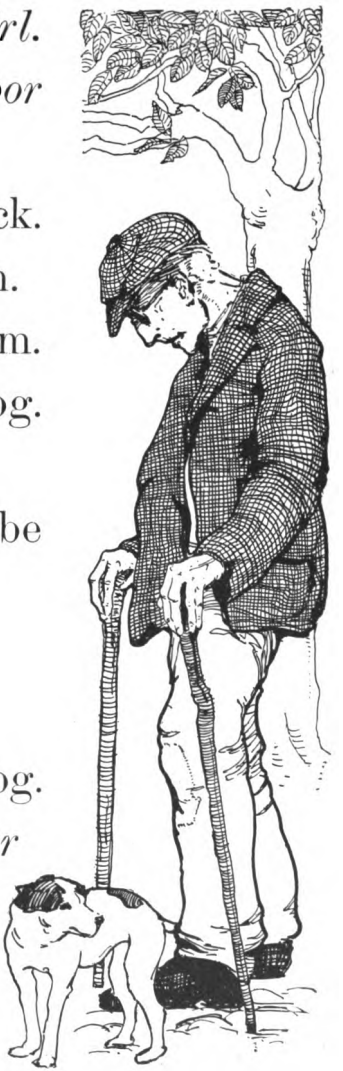
DRILL SENTENCES

Light the fire.
Grind the ax.
Do not fight.
Mend the blind.
Out of sight,
out of mind.
Go to the right.
Wind the *watch.*
Tighten the wire.
Find the dime.
Do not sigh.
Be kind to Jip.
It is mid-night.
Bind the coat.

Sun-set to-night was a pretty sight.
We will light the bon-fire to-night.
Your fish-line is right be-hind you.
How high Neal's kite is!
See kitty hide be-hind the blind.
Jane is de-light-ed with her doll.
Mind you do not fright-en baby.
It is a bright *moon*-light night.

LITTLE HELPERS

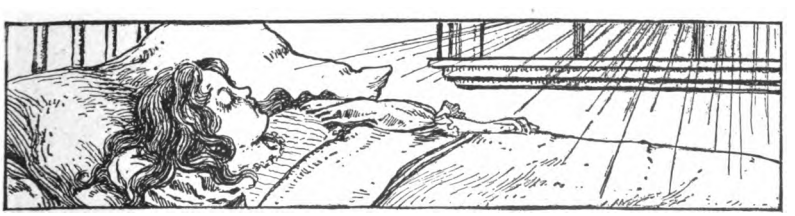
Jean is a kind little *girl*.
She ran to help that *poor* blind man.
He can not find his stick.
It is right behind him.
Jean will find it for him.
See the blind man's dog.
His name is *Fido*.
Poor little Fido must be tired.
See him stand on his hind legs.
Fido is a kind little dog.
He will mind the *poor* blind man.
He will lead him home at night.

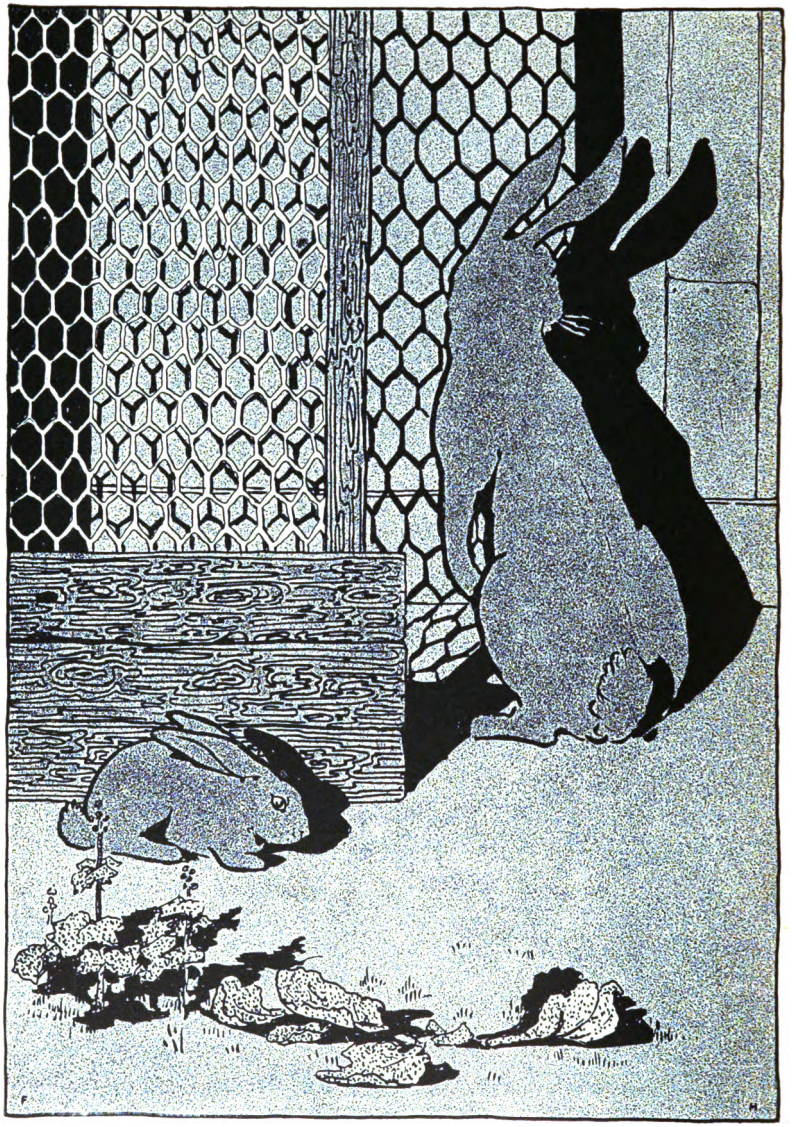


OH, PRETTY MOON

"Oh, pretty moon, you are up so high!"
Said a dear little maiden with a sigh.
"Come down and play with me to-night!
Do *try*, dear moon, with all your might."

"No, little maid," said the moon so bright.
"To come down there will not be right.
If I come down from the sky at night,
The big, big *world* will have no light.
But I'll send you a little dream to-night,
Down on a pretty moon-beam bright.
And you may come and sail with me,
The big, blue sky is like a sea.
The big, blue sky is *oh*, so bright!
The stars are su*ch* a pretty sight.
Now sleep, and shut your eyes up tight.
Good night, dear little maid, good night."





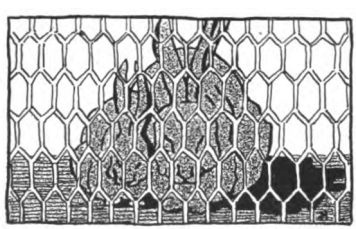
BUNNY RUNS AWAY

One night a little rab-bit
did not wish to go to bed.
"Oh, dear!" he said with a sigh,
"I do not like to be shut up tight.
May I stay out and play to-night?"
Mamma Cot-ton-tail said, "No, my child.
Night is the time for sleep, not play.
So hop off to bed.
Now, mind *what* I say!"
But, sad to tell, Bunny did not mind.
He ran off to hide.
He hid be-hind a high board.
Mamma Cot-ton-tail could not find him.
She went to the right.
She went to the left.
But no bunny could she find.

What a fine night it was!
So soft and mild!
The moon was so big and bright.
How it did shine!
It made the road light as day.
Bunny *saw* the "Man in the Moon."
He smiled at Bunny.
High up on a pine tree
sat a dear little bird.
It was a night-in-gale.
He sang his sweet night song to Bunny.
Bunny was de-light-ed.

Now Mr. Fox was out at night, too.
A fox is not kind to rab-bits.
And Mr. Fox was in need of a meal.
When he *saw* Bunny he hid behind a tree.
He said, "I must not fright-en him before he comes near."
On came little Bunny, leap, leap, right up to the tree! Oh, dear!
Bunny was now in a sad plight!
How he did wish he had mind-ed his mamma!

The Man in the Moon said
that Bunny got away from the fox.
That he ran with all his might,
and got safe-*ly* home to his mamma.
And how glad he was to lie down
be-side her in his snug wire home.
The Man in the Moon did not say
how Bunny got away.
Per-haps if you ask him some fine
bright night he will tell you.



SAFE AT HOME

GENERAL REVIEW

van	vote	pave	might
dame	shod	boast	spend
fail	roar	spine	shade
jay	wilt	neck	loan
shell	use	mine	plush
steep	rind	treat	track
veal	plate	spin	twig
frog	vent	hoe	grind
shore	claim	bray	saint
coal	tight	sight	fume
pump	cash	sleep	stride
mute	team	pond	wore
vim	stay	due	sheet
wire	truck	paint	dray
sigh	hive	hush	speak
hind	greet	stamp	drop

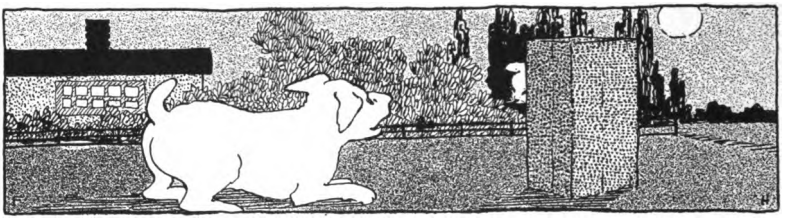
THREE SOUNDS OF y

yes	my	pity
yet	by	copy
ye	try	kitty
you	fly	puppy
your	cry	daisy
yell	dry	dusty
yolk	fry	rusty
yelp	sky	funny
year	sly	buggy
yeast	shy	penny
yoke	sty	sleepy
Yale	spy	muddy
y*ar*d	spry	sandy
yellow	ply	poppy

LITTLE BLUE–JAY

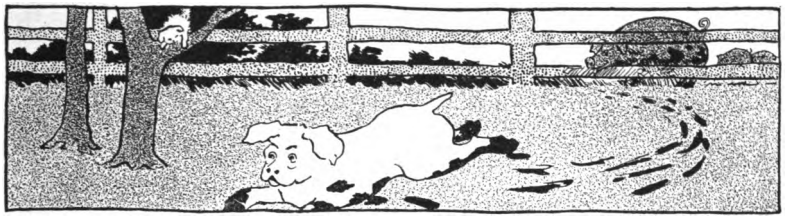
Are you going to fly away,
little blue-jay?
Yes, fly away
For a year and a day.
Fly, oh! so high.
Up, up to the sky!

Well, fly away,
My sweet blue-jay.
"Tweet, tweet," you cry,
Good-by, good-by!



TOPSY AND TRIXY

Topsy is my kitty.
Trixy is Yale's puppy.
Trixy is kind to Topsy.
They have such a happy time!
Topsy plays "I spy!" with Trixy.
She hides behind the blind.
By-and-by she jumps out at him.
Some-times this fright-ens Trixy.
One night she hid in an empty box.
She gave a sly peep out at Trixy.
Then Trixy gave a funny little cry.
Yale said the cry m*ea*nt,



"I spy you, Topsy."
One day Trixy went into the *yard.*
He got into *trouble* there.
He went into the pig-sty.
The big mamma pig ran at him.
She said, "Grunt, grunt, grunt!"
This gave Trixy such a fright.
He ran crying, "Yelp, yelp, yelp!"
He came out of the pig-sty all muddy.
How funny he did *look!*
Kitty was afraid of him.
She ran up a tree.
And, if she did not come down,
she is up there yet.

DRILL ōl

old	sold	scold	toll
bold	hold	bolt	roll
fold	told	colt	troll
gold	cold	jolt	stroll

Hold the rope.
Roll the stone.
Toll the bell.
Mold the clay.
Fold the coat.

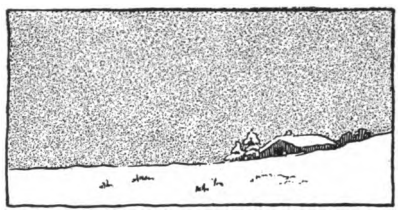
Bolt the gate.
Feed the colt.
Go for a stroll.
Are you cold?
Do not scold.

THE LITTLE COLT

Lyle has a little colt.
He tried to make the colt
draw an old wagon.

How the wagon did jolt!
Lyle's little colt did not like to
draw the old wagon.
He said, "What is this behind me?"
He got away from it.
Then Lyle told Ray to hold the colt.
But the colt got away from Ray, too.
He ran off to roll on the grass.
"Come, little colt," said Lyle,
"You must go into the stable now.
It will be cold to-night.
I will shut the big *door* and bolt it.
I do not wish you to run away."
See the little colt *look* at Lyle and
Ray! He says, "Do not shut me
in, and bolt the *door*, little folks."
But the little folks did not seem
to hear the little colt.

DRILL ow = ō



SNOW

row			ar row
bow			nar row
sow			barrow
mow			sparrow
tow			marrow
stow	OW	OW	harrow
low	own	widow	furrow
blow	sown	window	burrow
flow	mown	yellow	sorrow
glow	blown	fellow	borrow
below	flown	mellow	morrow
snow	grown	bellow	sallow
grow	shown	pillow	shallow
crow	owe	willow	rain-bow
elbow	bowl	billow	shadow

The wind has blown away the snow.
That spar-row is a bold little fellow.

DRILL SENTENCES

Sow the seeds.
Mow the hay.
Row the boat.
Tow the logs.
Blow the bel-lows.
Hold the bowl.
Close the window.
Tight-en the bow.
Melt the snow.
Get a pillow.

Crows fly.
Buds grow.
Streams flow.
Winds blow.
Fires glow.
Snow drifts.
Wil-lows bend.
Bel-lows blow.
Bill-ows roll.
Rab-bits burrow.

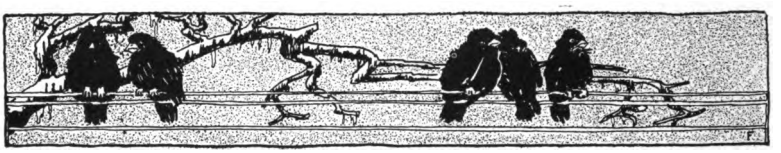
Show me your bow and ar-row.
Sow the seeds be-low the wind-ow.
This is my own little yell-ow bowl.
The leaves have grown yell-ow.
A shal-low stream flows be-low.
The snow-birds are bold little fell-ows.

SEED TIME

This is my own little garden.
I sow seeds in it.
I have some in my yell-ow bowl.

Shall I show them to you?
Do you see what kind of seeds
they are?
They are sweet pea seeds.
I have just *put* a row here.
They are be-low dear mamma's wind-ow.
They grow so high!
If the wind blows, they nod.
Mamma says they *th*row kisses to her.
In the winter, I had no *gar*-den.
It was too cold. The snow came.
The birds had flown away.
Mamma told me to wait.
She said, "Winter will go away.
The snow will melt.
The little birds will come back."
Winter did go away.
Now my *gar*den will grow.

no	ō	o-e . . .	bone	ho
so		oa . . .	coat	lo!
go		ol . . .	gold	fro
		ow . . .	snow	

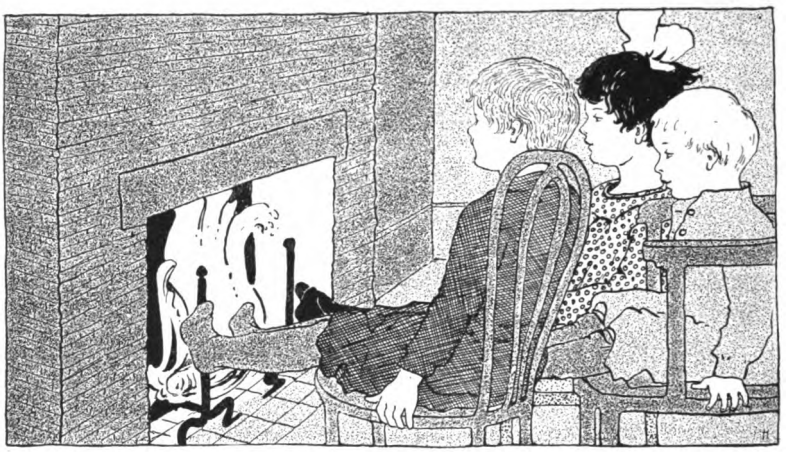


WINTER IS HERE

Five little snow-birds,
All in a row!
Bold little fellows,
Out in the snow!

Old winter is here.
The birds have flown away.
The oak and the willow are bare.
Just one lone yell-ow leaf
still holds on to the old oak.
The wind has not blown it off yet.

Up the road come the little folks.
The wind bends low to meet them.
They but-ton *their* coats,
hold fast to *their* cloaks.
"Ho, ho!" they cry.
"The cold wind blows!
We hope it will snow!"
Then home they scamper
with cheeks a-glow.



Peep in at the win-dow,
and see them to-night,
As they sit by the fire
and toast *their* toes.
See the yellow flames,
and the red coals glow,
And the shadows flit-ting
to and fro.
Dear little folks, at home!

GENERAL REVIEW

cave	spill	clay	creamy
braid	strike	light	blend
gray	bind	vessel	yolk
west	high	yelk	grind
he	mild	lucky	stump
creep	velvet	drove	spray
veal	show	black	visit
shop	crock	blind	crape
grove	scrape	speed	glow
foam	slope	amuse	musty
told	brush	swift	pride
roll	hue	blow	cloak
grow	sweet	train	slight
yet	plain	block	camp
dry	empty	crane	wild
handy	roast	board	drain

WORD DRILL OW

cow			crown
how			crowd
now			vowel
vow	OW	OWL	OW towel
bow	owl	down	trowel
brow	fowl	gown	bow-wow
plow	howl	brown	pow-wow
scow	scowl	frown	cow-slip
prow	growl	drown	crowd-ed
prowl	town	clown	drow-sy

Milk the cow.
Feed the fowls.
Pick the cow-slip.
Get the plow.
Go down town.
See the crowd.

Brown the cof-fee.
Hear Jip howl.
Do not frown.
Trim the gown.
Get a towel.
E is a vowel.

DRILL SENTENCES

The brown cow is down by the plow.
You may milk the brown cow, Yale.
Do not growl at the cow, Tray.
When Tray growls, baby frowns.

There is a funny clown in town.
A crowd went to see him.
The clown wore a gilt crown.
He made a bow to the crowd.

How pretty those cow-slips are!
Get a trowel and dig some.
The trowel is down by the plow.

An old brown owl sits on an oak.
How do you do, old owl?

PRETTY BROWN COW

How do you do, pretty cow?
You nod at me. Is that a bow?

What a soft coat you have!
You pretty brown cow!
Will you give me some milk?
Now make your bow! That will mean,
"Yes."
I must go now. I *want* to see the
men plow.
Good-by, pretty cow.
Go and eat the sweet grass.
Come, Tray, let us run down this hill!
Do not growl at the kind old cow.
Say "Good-by" to her.
"Bow-wow-wow," says dog Tray!
That is right, Tray. Now down we go.
Down we go to *London* town!
To *London* town, to see the king's
crown.
This is the way to *London* town!

JACK FROST

Jack Frost has come to town.
He rides upon the cold wind.
The flowers bend low be-fore him.
He has blown upon my window.
How the wind did howl last night!
It has blown away the leaves.
They had grown brown and yellow.
The snow birds have not flown.
They are bold little fellows!
They do not mind the snow.

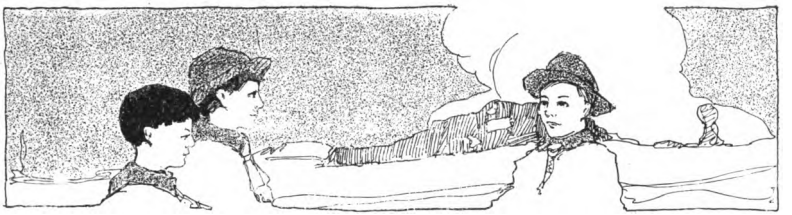
Jack Frost *does* not frighten them.
He *th*rows the big nuts down.
He shows us the brown shells inside.
He said to the stream, "Be still,"
and the little stream did not flow.
Now here come the snow-flakes!
See how they float!—
now high, now low!
Then, down they come!
Jack's winter flowers!
Hurrah for Jack Frost!
He's a jolly old fellow!

What a fine road he has made!
Now I will get down my sled.
I will play it is a snow plow.
It will make a fine plow!
Come, Towser, old dog, follow me!
Hurrah for old winter!

DRILL ou

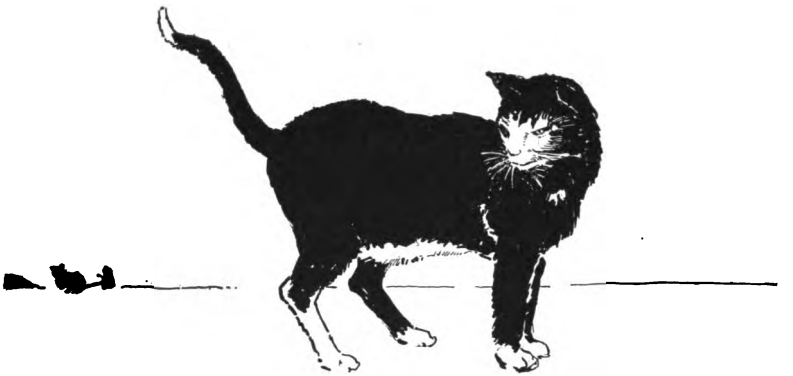
out			sound
pout			wound
spout			ground
sprout		ou	house
trout	our	bound	mouse
scout	sour	found	blouse
stout	scour	hound	grouse
shout	flour	mound	count
about	loud	pound	mount
proud	cloud	round	moun-tain

The little mouse ran into the house.
He found a round hole in the ground.
The mouse made no sound.
Count out loud to five hundred.
Tom wound a rope around the tree.



CAMPING

The Boy Scouts went for an out-ing.
They went to the moun-tains.
They came to a trout stream.
It wound in and out and round about.
They found an old scow and one oar.
The oar had a stout wire wound
a-round it.
They made a fire on the ground.
They got out some flour.
They made pan-cakes.
They were proud of them.
They sat a-round the fire.
They had a happy time.



LITTLE MOUSE GRAY

A little mouse said to its mamma, "I do not like to stay in this house. May I go out?"

Its mamma said, "No, no, my little mouse! Do you hear that sound? The old cat is out! Let us hide in the flour bin. I am glad she has not found that big round hole. Now stay by me!"

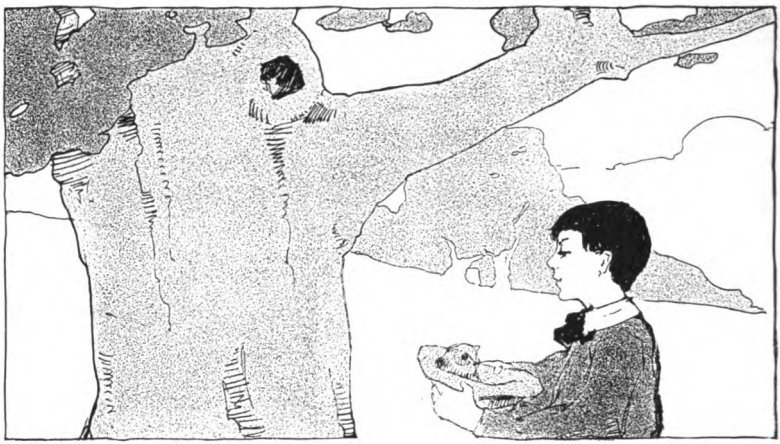
But the little mouse did not stay in

the flour bin. He came out to *look* around.

The cat came out to *look* around, too.

Oh, little mouse! Why did you not stay with your mamma?

A little mouse gray came out to play
From his snug, wee home in the ground.
A kitty cat sly saw mous*ie* go by,
And after him crept without sound.
But little mouse gray with eyes so bright
Saw cunning old kitty cat softly creep,
And home to his dear mamma he ran.
There, safe by her side, he cried,
"Eep, eep, eep!"



LITTLE BROWN OWL

Tom has found an owl's nest. It has some little owls in it. How proud the old owl is!

Tom count-ed the little owls.

One little owl fell down to the ground.

Tom gave a shout and got down from the tree.

A crowd of boys came around Tom, to see what he had found.

The little owl is all right. It fell on

a mound of soft moss. It is brown, and has such funny big, round eyes.

Tom *put* the little owl back in the nest.

The mamma owl was glad to get her little brown baby back.

It is night now, and the old owl is on the ground.

A little mouse is on the ground, too.

The owl will get you, little mouse.

But see! The little mouse has run away. He ran around the house, and hid under that old plow.

The old owl still prowls about.

The little mouse is safe in his snug wee house in the ground.

Now, old owl, get that little mouse if you can!

WORD BUILDING AND REVIEW OF OW AND OU

ōw	ow	ou
low	cow	out
blow	how	pout
slow	now	shout
glow	plow	trout
flow	down	our
snow	town	sour
show	frown	flour
row	clown	loud
grow	brown	cloud
own	owl	proud
blown	fowl	count
grown	howl	mount
flown	growl	round
elbow	crowd	found
widow	crown	ground

DRILL qu

Qu Qu
qu qu

QUEEN

quit			quote
quill			s-quint
quilt	quite	quack	s-quir-rel
quick	quell	quake	s-queal
quiet	quest	quail	s-queak
quire	queer	quaint	s-quare

That quail is quite tame.
Be quiet, and keep quite still.
Run, little squir-rel, quick, quick!
A quill pen seems queer now.
The little mouse went, squeak, squeak!
"Quack, quack!" said the duck.

Sir Joshua Reynolds

PENELOPE BOOTHBY

Qu qu

See this quaint little girl.
What queer mit-tens she has!
How quiet she is!
Her name is be-low her pic-ture.
Her dolly's name is "Queeny."
Is not that a queer name?
This quiet little girl can *sew*
quite well.
She made her dolly a quilt.
A long time ago all little girls
made quilts.
At that time they used quill pens.
They could *write* quickly with them.
A quill pen seems queer now.
But this quaint little girl lik*ed* them.
Can you read her name?
It is as quaint as her pic-ture.

DRILL Z z

Zip	Z		Z	size
zest	z		z	prize
zeal		ZEBRA		cozy
zone	gaze		doze	lazy
zero	daze		froze	hazy
zebra	haze		seize	diz-zy
zig-zag	Hazel		breeze	drizzly
Zep-pe-lin	blaze		freeze	friz
buzz	glaze		sneeze	frozen
fuzz	graze		squeeze	maize

The light-ning went zig-zag.
It made me feel diz-zy.
See lazy Zip doze by the fire.
A Zeppelin is an air ship.
That breeze will fan the blaze.

LAZY ZIP

Zip is the name of Haz-el's cat.
He is a lazy old fellow.
He likes to lie by the fire and doze.
He likes Hazel to make the fire blaze.
Zip *won* a prize at the cat show.

Hazel has a quaint, cozy play house.
The size of it is six by nine feet.
A queer zig-zag pa*th* leads to it.
Here, in summer, squirrels frisk a-bout.
You hear the buzz, buzz of the bees,
and feel the soft breezes blow.
Close by is a duck pond.
The ducks cry, "Quack, quack!"
In winter the pond freezes.
When the pond is frozen,
Hazel skates upon it.

ing

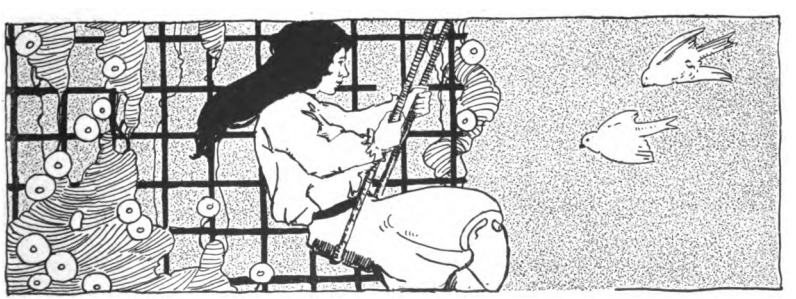
king	fish-ing	mind-ing
r-ing	rock-ing	light-ing
s-ing	toss-ing	fight-ing
w-ing	dust-ing	coax-ing
br-ing	puff-ing	boast-ing
spr-ing	say-ing	roast-ing
str-ing	stay-ing	hold-ing
go-ing	hail-ing	roll-ing
see-ing	rail-ing	blow-ing
land-ing	feed-ing	crow-ing
camp-ing	weed-ing	crowd-ing
lend-ing	lead-ing	howl-ing
bend-ing	read-ing	pout-ing
sell-ing	bind-ing	fold-ing
mix-ing	find-ing	shout-ing

HEAR THE BELL RING

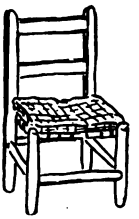
Hear the bell ring,
With its ting-ling-ling!
See the little girl,
See her swing, swing, swing!

Hear the bird sing,
"Now it's spring, spring, spring!"
See the little vine,
See it cling, cling, cling.

I hear the bell ringing.
I see the girl swinging.
I hear the bird singing.
I see the vine clinging.



DRILL ch

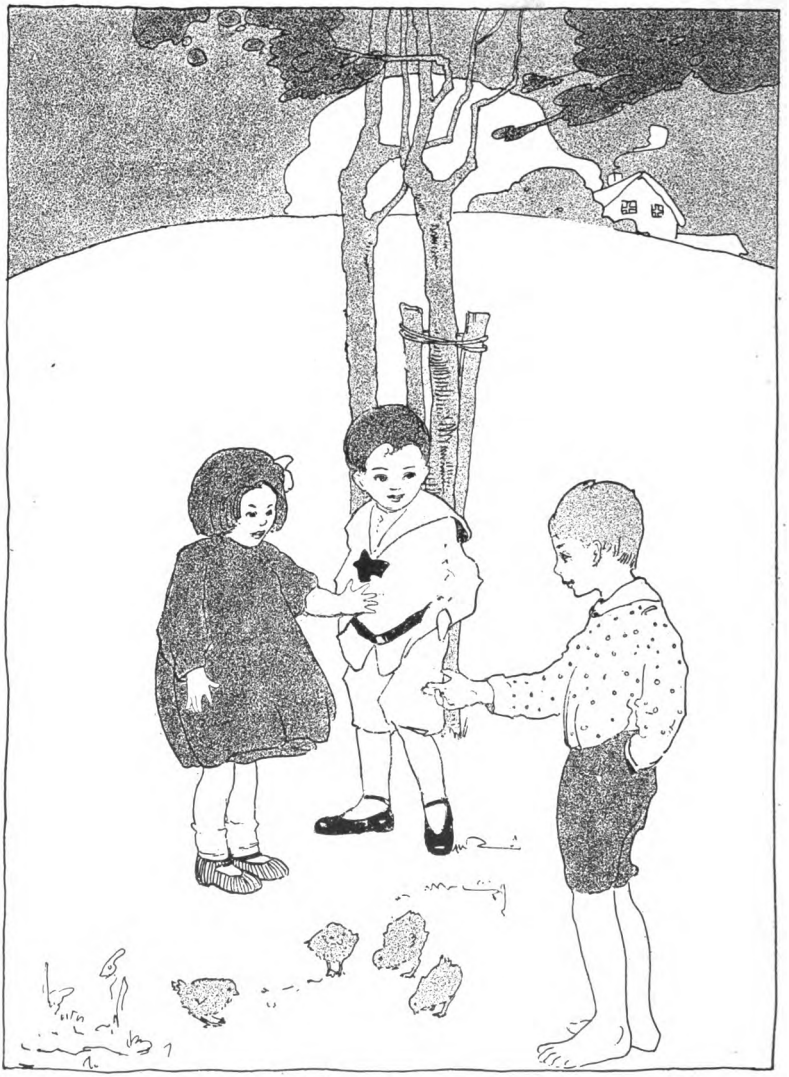


ch op			fetch
ch um			peach
ch at			beach
ch in	ch	CHAIR	ch teach
ch ill	chair	inch	reach
ch ip	chase	pinch	preach
ch ap	child	lunch	speech
ch ick	cheap	bunch	ranch
ch oke	cheat	punch	branch
ch ose	cheek	couch	catch
ch eck	chess	pouch	latch
ch est	cherry	rich	match
ch eer	cheese	ditch	such
ch ores	chub by	hitch	much
ch ant	chis el	pitch	Dutch
ch ain	chim ney	witch	bench

DRILL SENTENCES

Chain the dog.
Chase the fox.
Chip the rock.
Cheer the men.
Check the satch-el.
Catch the chaff.
Latch the gate.
Hatch the eggs.
Pitch the ball.
Hitch the *horse.*
Stitch the seam.
Fetch the chisel.
Stretch the rope.
Teach the child.
Paint the bench.
Chat with Blanch.

Chop some chips.
Cut the cheese.
Patch the quilt.
Play chess.
Pit the cherry.
Reach the branch.
Pick a peach.
Make a speech.
Strike a match.
Notch the stick.
Pinch your cheek.
Lunch with me.
Punch the bag.
Dig a trench.
Sit on the couch.
Go to chapel.



BABY CHICKS

Look, Blanch! See that little chick catch a fly! Now *watch* that one trying to snatch it away.

How funny little chicks are!
I like to *watch* them.
There is one pecking at some chips.

You queer little chicks!
You cannot eat chips.
They will choke you.

Wait, little chicks!
I will give you some grain.
Hazel has some in her little pail.
You shall have some for your lunch.

There is your big brown dog, Blanch.
Do not let him come near the little chicks. They are a-fraid of him.
There! They are all running away.

Look! One poor little chick is down in the ditch. I will catch him.

Here, chick, chick! You need not be afraid of Rex. He is a kind old dog.

He will not chase you.

He will *watch* your home at night.

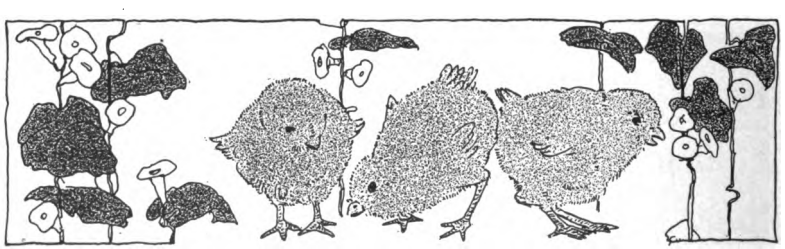
Now run to your mamma, little chicks.

There she is on that patch of grass.

She has found a big fat *worm* for your lunch.

She will show you how to get your own lunch some day.

She will teach you to scratch, scratch as she does.

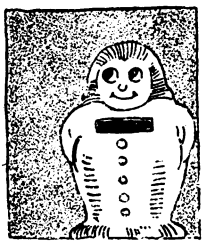


GENERAL REVIEW

prize	crowd	bench	June
hazy	child	cherry	bolt
quite	sty	graze	shadow
squeeze	window	prowl	cozy
cheek	quaint	bind	vine
preach	doze	bound	boast
pound	quilt	yelp	cheap
mix-ture	muddy	match	gaze
bright	year	zebra	squeak
fold	shell	drill	proud
beam	flight	neck	tight
quite	lunch	skin	lazy
mock	sway	quill	frown
due	spry	morrow	yellow
frail	roll	pansy	jolt
buzz	squint	ranch	rusty

DRILL nk

nk			nk
sank			sunk
rank			bunk
tank			junk
blank			spunk
plank	ink	rink	chunk
flank	sink	drink	trunk
drank	pink	shrink	shrunk
crank	wink	chink	ankle
*th*ank	mink	clink	honk-honk
prank	*th*ink	sinking	drinking
Frank	link	winking	shrinking
Yankee	blink	blinking	thinking



BANK

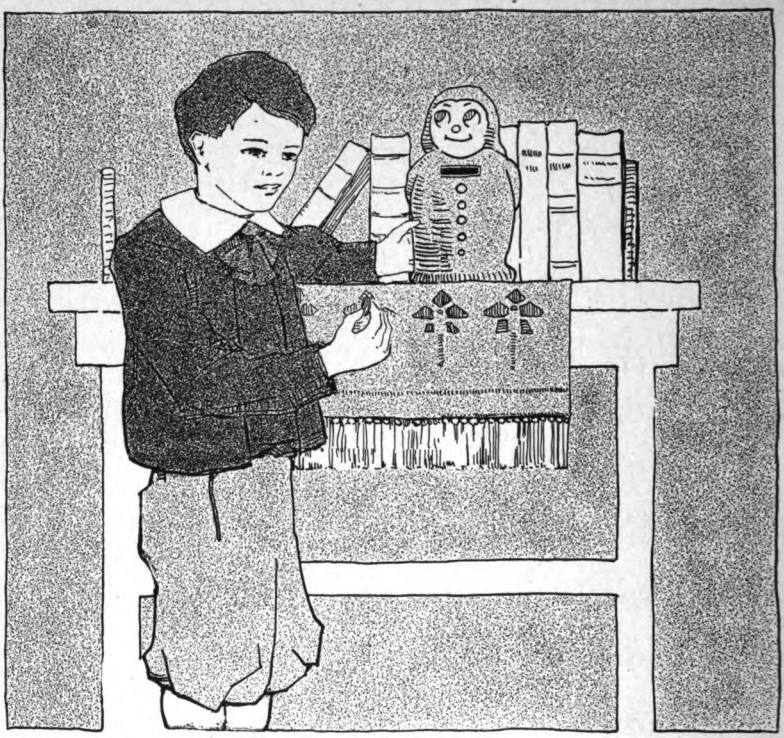
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink!"

DRILL SENTENCES

Drink the milk.
Get the ink.
Scour the sink.
Mend the link.
Shrink the clo*th*.

Pack the trunk.
Lift the plank.
Twist the crank.
Fill the tank.
*Th*ank the man.

I *th*ink Frank has the ink.
Your pink cup is on the sink.
Hazel has a mink muff.
Blanch *won* a prize at the rink.
A link of this chain is broken.
You may drink from my pink cup.
The tank is quite empty.
My pink dress is in Frank's trunk.
Clink went the penny into the bank.



A QUEER BANK

Frank has a queer little bank.
It is made to look like a man.
When Frank *puts* a penny into the bank, the man winks.

Frank says the wink means,
"Thank you."
Blanch and her doll have come to see the bank.
The doll has such bright pink cheeks.
Blanch has named her, Miss Pink.
"How is Miss Pink to-day, Blanch?" said Frank.
"She is quite well, thank you.
I think she will like to see your bank.
She has a penny in her pocket.
You may *put* it into your bank."
"Oh, thank you," said Frank.
"Here is my bank. When I *put* in one penny the man will give one wink. I will drop this penny in."
Clink goes the penny! Wink goes the man!

HOW PENNIES GROW

The penny peeped out
From a wee little chink,
And this it said,
With a queer, *knowing* wink:
"Did you ever hear,
Little maid, little man,
That little round penn*ies*
Into big *dollars* ran?
Just pop us into your bank
And we'll show
How quickly we penn*ies*
To *dollars* will grow."

GENERAL REVIEW

drink	chase	float	fuel
shade	scour	right	she
daisy	crush	find	lay
tray	tune	scold	mow
feet	sham	drown	mind
freeze	spell	crow	quilt
year	brick	stout	toast
sting	plank	crack	beach
pile	blunt	trade	crown
night	wake	speck	stroll
kind	file	queen	quick
sock	mole	chest	yeast
yoke	gain	hive	ground
coax	gay	fond	bright
cold	queer	froze	bowl
chain	choke	sink	wink

DRILL ng

bang			song
hang	Ng	Ng	long
gang			gong
fang	WING		tongs
rang	sing	hung	strong
pang	ring	sung	ding-dong
sang	king	rung	sprung
clang	thing	lung	length
slang	wing	clung	strength
twang	swing	flung	hungry
sprang	sting	swung	longing
spring	fling	stung	banging
string	bring	strung	hanging
angry	cling	sling	singing

The bell rang Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

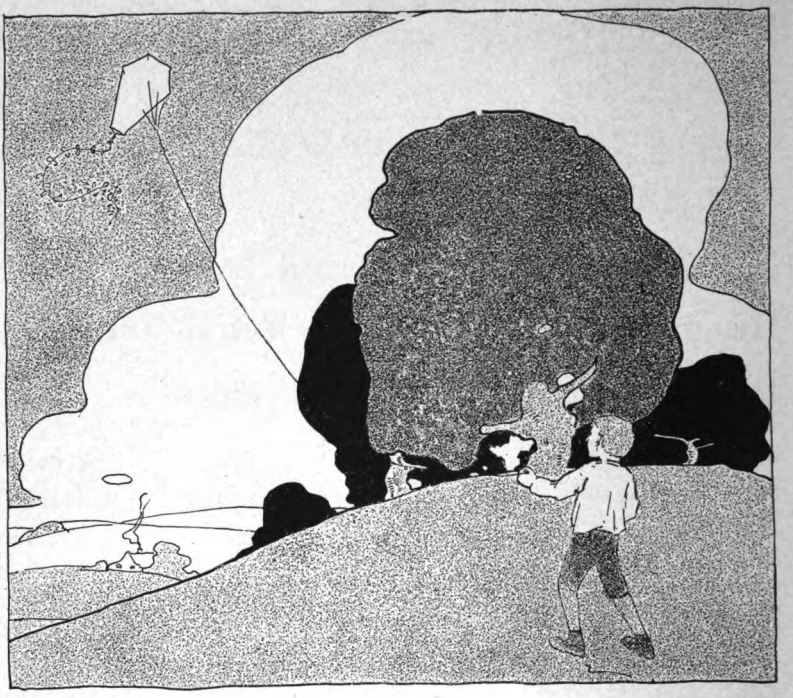
DRILL SENTENCES

Grapes hung just be-yond Mr. Fox's reach.
For a long time he tried to get them.
He gazed at them with much longing.
Then he said, "They are sour."

The gong rang Cling clang! Cling clang!
Frank sprang to the gang-way.
The gang-way is made of strong planks.

The monk-*ey* clung to a strong rope.
He swung on it for a long time.

The big gate swung to with a bang!
Ethel's doll trunk is quite strong.
An ang-ry bee stung Hazel's ankle.



THE KITE THAT SANG

Frank has a pretty pink kite.
It has a strong string on it.
I think Frank made the kite himself.
It can fly quite high.
It has a long, long tail.

Blanch made the tail for Frank.
She tied it on with a pink bow.
Did you *ever* hear a kite sing?
No, I *never* did!
Frank said his kite sang a song, one day.
I think it must have been a queer song.
This is how it sang a song:
Frank tied a bell on the tail.
When the kite went up, the bell rang.
Oh! how it did ring!
It went, Cling, clang! Cling, clang!
Then it came off.
Frank sprang to catch the bell, but did not reach it.
It fell to the ground with a bang, and that was the end of the song.

A TRIP TO THE MOON

"Bed time, little boys," said mamma.

"Time to sail away to the Land of Fay!

The 'Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street' is waiting for you."

Then mamma pat-ted the pillows of the crib and said, "See! your little boat is *ready* to sail, so—

All aboard for the Land of Fay,
Over the hills and far away!
Sail all night and back by day!
The kind old moon will light the way."

To play their crib is a boat is jolly fun for the boys. They be-gan scram-bling to see which of them would be all aboard first.

They ran to the window and said, "Where are you, Mr. Moon-man? We are coming to visit you to-night."

The man in the moon smiled at them. You could see he was de-light-ed.

"Please leave the blind up, mamma, so the moon will light the way," said little Jack.

"And please leave the window up, so we can sail right out," said Ray.

So mamma did.

Then the "Rock-a-by Lady" came stealing in. She waved her pop-p*ies* over the little boys.

Pretty soon the little boat be-gan to rock. It rose up, up, up! Then off it went, sailing away on a sea of misty light.

It steered straight for the moon. And dear me! It was but a little time until it got there.

"Wel-come to Moon Land!" said the man in the moon. "Sail right in, boys."

And they did. It was *rather* white and cold and misty. But the boys did not mind that. It was really very, very *beautiful.*

"How do you do, Mr. Moon-man?" said the boys. "Will you come for a sail with us?"

"Not to-night, thank you," said the man in the moon. "I went by the south, and *burnt* my mouth last night. Then I had a tumble, and lost my way. So I think I shall stay at home

to-night. But I am very glad to see you. Come right in, and rest a bit."

"We have a long way to go," said the boys. "We can-not stay just now. Thank you just the same."

"Well, good luck to you! and come again," said the man in the moon.

"We will," said the boys. And on they went.

Pretty soon they met the Old-woman-tossed-up-in-her-basket. She was sweeping the cob-webs down from the sky. Her basket was *full* of them. You would never dream there were so many, unless you went there to see for your-self.

You could see the old lady was tired. The boys felt sorry for her.

They did not like to see her dragging that big basket around.

They said to her, "If you will get into your basket, we will tow you along with our boat."

So she did. And very glad she was to meet such kind little boys.

They went sailing along until they came to—Now! what do you suppose? The rain-bow!

"Oh, goody, goody!" said the boys. "Let us sail down it! Then we can find the 'Pot of gold.'"

Now when you get quite close to it, you will find the rain-bow is very steep. So when they were about half way down, the boat be-gan to go so fast the boys could not steer it. Down,

down it went! Bump, bump, bang!

The old lady was tossed out of her bas-ket. She got up and went sailing back to the sky on her *broom.*

But the basket of cobwebs went all *over* the boys. They wound around and around them. My! but those cob-webs were strong. The boys had to fight their way out of them. At last they were free. They sat up to rub the cobwebs out of their eyes. And dear me! They found themselves back at home! Now, how do you sup-pose they got there so quickly?

Well, any-one could see they had had quite a fight to get free from those cobwebs. You had *only* to look at the bed *clothes* to tell that.

DRILL ie = ĭ

Nellie	Bobbie	baby	city
Lillie	Willie	babies	cities
Lizzie	Bennie	lady	daisy
Katie	Sammie	ladies	daisies
Jessie	Tommie	kitty	lily
Fannie	Freddie	kitties	lilies
Mamie	Jimmie	penny	pansy
Sadie	Teddie	pennies	pansies

REVIEW AND SUFFIX ful

helpful	bashful	skillful	painful
needful	playful	spiteful	hopeful
fretful	wakeful	fearful	gleeful
tearful	grateful	hateful	tuneful
restful	wasteful	rightful	boastful
cheerful	shameful	thankful	useful
trustful	frightful	blissful	de-light-ful

FINAL e DROPPED BEFORE ADDING ing

take	shine	smoke	wade
taking	shining	smoking	wading
hide	blaze	shave	slide
hiding	blazing	shaving	sliding
joke	stroke	bake	bore
joking	stroking	baking	boring
tune	skate	amuse	bathe
tuning	skating	amusing	bathing
taste	choke	doze	save
tasting	choking	dozing	saving
drive	pave	chase	mine
driving	paving	chasing	mining
scrape	dive	thrive	raise
scraping	diving	thriving	raising
gaze	squeeze	smile	cure
gazing	squeezing	smiling	curing

at-tic	buck-et	lem-on-ade
bas-ket	al-bum	en-vel-ope
les-son	pock-et	en-tire-ly
ban-tam	sup-pose	il-lus-trate
dump-ling	mut-ton	fin-ish-ing
ves-sel	kit-chen	but-ter-cup
cro-cus	cam-el	vol-un-teers
mit-ten	blank-et	dis-a-gree
cab-in	black-smith	con-tin-ue
tip-toe	blind-fold	pre-si-dent
hus-band	com-ic	choc-o-late
ex-cuse	wed-ding	mo-las-ses
pub-lic	hap-pen	ap-proach-ing
sud-den	sul-ky	in-hab-it-ant
ab-sent	emp-ty	a-rith-me-tic
can-vas	ex-pect	in-de-pen-dent
pave-ment	Span-ish	im-me-di-ate-ly